

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 653.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1876.

PRICE 11^d.

BENEFACTORS.

DOING good, as must be pretty well known, does not altogether consist in giving donations of money and other articles to the needy, nor in ordinary acts of kindness and sympathy. Tradition supports the idea that doing good is very much a matter of almsgiving—giving of your abundance to the poor. It scarcely recognises the principle of doing good on an extensive scale through incidental agency—that is to say, without the act of giving, be the gift much or little. Modern notions of fulfilling the duties of life take a much wider sweep. It is now understood that immense good may be done without either giving or pretending to give; in fact, by benefactors squaring their own interests with the public benefit. We will offer a few examples of what we mean, that being the best way of clearing the matter up.

A wealthy man with benevolent feelings becomes acutely anxious at the beginning of winter regarding the condition of the poor of a small town in which circumstances have given him an interest. The price of coal at the spot is as much as twenty shillings a ton, and sometimes higher, for the article has to be brought a long way in carts. It is a painful consideration, how at this rate the poor are to be able to procure a sufficiency of fuel to keep themselves warm; and, troubled in his mind on the subject, the worthy individual we speak of benevolently sends a present of ten pounds to the town, for the purchasing of coal to that amount for general distribution among all who are not above receiving a dole of this nature. It is a well-meant and benevolent act, which is highly appreciated in the community, and is, of course, noted and extolled by the local newspaper.

We now come to another species of doing good. The small town in question is so ill provided with means of intercourse with places at a distance, that no wonder coal is dear and scarce at the very season of the year when it is specially required. There has been a dearth of fuel of good quality for generations. In their pinching misery, the poorer classes have barely preserved warmth in

their dwellings, with all the expedients within reach, donations included. To all appearance, this state of things is to go on for ever. The so-called benevolent do not concern themselves about it. They have relieved their feelings by charitable contribution, and otherwise leave the town to its fate. At length, among a class of persons who have never been conspicuous for making donations, there arises a desire to remedy the condition of affairs by having recourse to a feasible and plain commercial principle. They strike out the idea of a railway, to reach the nearest coal-fields and a busy centre of population. Not contenting themselves with merely talking over the matter, or drinking toasts about it, they put their hats on their respective heads, and manfully go forth to secure adherents to the undertaking. After some trouble, and encountering a variety of rebuffs, they succeed in bringing the scheme to a practical issue. The required capital is raised. The railway is made, and comes into operation. One of the first consequences which ensues is, that the price of coal drops to one half. A slower but equally effective result is the growing prosperity of the town, along with a largely increased demand for labour. The poor no longer need to depend on charitable contributions of coal. Each, from the savings of his well-recompensed labour, is able to lay in a frugal store to carry him through the winter.

It has now to be judged in which of these examples we have the highest demonstration of the art of doing good. Whether has the benevolent gentleman's annual gift of ten pounds, or the conduct of the railway projectors, produced the most benefit? One need hardly ask the question. The gift was meritorious, but it falls immeasurably short of those lasting and prodigious advantages springing out of the railway undertaking. The true benefactors were the individuals who, risking their money on a commercial enterprise, diffused innumerable blessings in what had hitherto been an outlying and almost unknown neighbourhood. Were we disposed to spend time in the recital, there would be no end to an account of similar and vastly more important acts of beneficence effected

by undertakings primarily designed as a mere money investment. Is there anything in the annals of doing good to match the expenditure of hundreds of millions in creating a network of railways in the British Islands, or in the boundless outlay of establishing ocean steamers which communicate with all the ends of the earth? Has any one seriously considered how these mechanical agencies, with the aid of accumulated capital (savings from labour), are effecting a stupendous moral revolution—everywhere breaking down narrow and unworthy prejudices, meliorating poverty, and uniting all mankind in what they ought to have been long ago, a universal and sympathising brotherhood? Thus has physical science become the powerful handmaid of religion and civilisation. Within our knowledge, there is one man who, in a pure spirit of enterprise, by his fleet of steamers, has done more to open up, and introduce modern civilisation and comforts into, the Western Islands than all the land-proprietors and all their gifts put together for the last hundred years. David Hutcheson (the name of this enterprising individual) can only be spoken of as a great public benefactor. Are there not many other men who have in a like manner signalled themselves, not in charitable doles, but as promoters of objects which immensely tend to the public benefit? The late Mr Bianconi with his cars, the precursors of railways in Ireland, familiarly occurs to recollection as one of the great benefactors of his age. In the front rank of another class of men noted for good deeds of a transcendent nature stand the names of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine; of George Stephenson, the improver, almost inventor, of the locomotive; and of Rowland Hill, who boldly devised the scheme of a uniform Penny Postage, with all its incalculable benefits as regards social and commercial intercourse. Wheatstone, with his invention of the electric telegraph, will also be ever renowned as a benefactor to mankind.

Legislation, considering its opportunities, does not loom largely in acts of public beneficence. The contests of party and the ventilation of crotchets too much occupy the space that might be reasonably expected to be devoted to the doing of good on a scale worth mentioning—that is to say, to the promotion of measures of any solid advantage. The truth is, legislation is fully more noted for keeping back than for advancing such measures. It is now a century since Adam Smith clearly demonstrated the advantages of free-trade, freedom in the rights of labour, and the folly of all ineconomic restrictions. Seventy years elapsed before the beneficent doctrines of that truly great man were generally recognised as sound and brought to a practical issue by legislation. In some countries, they are not recognised yet. Here is a striking example of how a boundless degree of good may be obstructed by a union of ignorance and selfishness. The significance of Smith's doctrines, as has been said by an eminent living

statesman, is not that they make a number of men rich who formerly were poor, but that their effect is 'to mitigate the labour of those who were in hard and bitter circumstances, giving comfort, and even reasonable abundance, not to scores, or hundreds, or thousands, but to millions, to whom before life was a burden.' Surely, then, Adam Smith, by his celebrated work, *The Wealth of Nations* (which every young man should make a point of studying), is to be classed among the greatest thinkers and benefactors. Considering the heroic manner in which Smith's more important economic doctrines were, in the face of determined and short-sighted opposition, brought into practical operation by Richard Cobden and Sir Robert Peel, one has a satisfaction in feeling that he was a contemporary of these eminent individuals. If free-trade had its battles with fierce and unreasoning selfishness, so had the freedom which naturally appertains to human beings. Only after enormous struggles by Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their successors, were the slave-trade and negro-slavery abolished. Middle-aged persons may have an interest in remembering the establishing of the legal principle that every man and woman was the unchallengeable proprietor of his or her own person. Looking at it in a plain point of view, that seems a very rational principle: That every man belongs to himself, and not to somebody else. Nevertheless, years and years were expended in vindicating that wonderfully simple principle. We have heard the most beautiful oratory—the outpouring of wind-bags—ingeniously shewing that slavery was a right and proper state of things. In spite of all sorts of windy and specious declamations, the right of each man to the property of his own person was triumphantly carried. Those who stood out for right against might at this memorable occasion deserve to be gratefully remembered. They were undoubtedly great men, great benefactors, who effected the meliorations we speak of. 'There were giants in those days,' and it would be befitting to emulate them wheresoever we may be directed by a sense of duty.

Doing good on a comprehensive scale, and as opportunities occur in modern society, far transcends anything pictured in the literature of past ages. Nor are there wanting many who are eager to be benefactors. In numerous instances, the prime difficulty is how to overcome obstructions presented by the lukewarm and the selfish. In the broad category of general beneficence, may be included various eminently successful schemes for supplying towns with an abundance of pure water, for introducing better kinds of sewage, and for improving cities, with a view to promoting health and lessening the rate of mortality. We could specify cases in which, by such improvements, the death-rate of a large population has been permanently reduced from twenty-nine to twenty-two per thousand. There is a clear gain of seven lives in the thousand annually. The

lives of fathers, and mothers, and children spared that would have been otherwise sacrificed. Surely that counts for something in the annals of doing good, although it is not so obvious to the eye, and not so heroic as the saving of a single life from drowning.

It is easily understood how in ancient times, in a simple organisation of society, with neither enlarged intelligence nor accumulated capital—with barely security for human life—the giving of alms was exalted to a virtue, because under an oppressive system of polity, there were numbers ever on the brink of starvation without any public provision for their succour. The Scriptures abound in the most expressive injunctions to make eleemosynary donations—'Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man.' 'He that soweth little, shall reap little; and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously.' 'To do good, and to distribute, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeing his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' Excellent admonitions, not to be lightly disregarded, but in the present advanced condition of society not wholly falling in with a public code of morals. As every one knows, the giving of alms only creates a host of professional mendicants. Begging becomes a trade. Old injunctions, therefore, require to be weighed in connection with the teachings of modern experience. We are called on to apply an enlarged degree of knowledge to a subject which has been studied with a substantial regard to good-doing only in recent times, and which, in those countries still in a rudimental state, is not studied at all. In some parts of India, for example, the giving of petty alms in the ancient style flourishes with a vigour which was common throughout the East two thousand years ago. In defiance of accumulated experience, the morbidly benevolent in our own land are seen to encourage a reliance on charity, and consequently to increase pauperism. Under the notion of doing good, they get up soup-kitchens and houses of nightly refuge, which, while possibly assuaging some immediate wants, serve as 'a draw,' from the remotest parts of the kingdom; so that, by these inconsiderate attractions, a city condemns itself to a perennial supply of dissolute idlers and their unfortunate progeny.

Three hundred years ago, and even later, it was not unusual for wealthy individuals to bequeath large sums of money in trust for the endowment of hospitals for the board and education of the young. No one will aver that these institutions have not done good in their day and generation. They supplied a want. Many of the youths they trained rose to eminence. But the general feeling now is that, as too monastic in character, they have outlived their time, and stand in need of some very special modification. Perhaps a knowledge of this fact may have induced Stewart, the 'Merchant Prince' of New York, to hesitate so long about what he should do with his wealth that he finally did nothing at all. For men of his stamp, it would be well to have some definite

notion of what really constitutes doing good by benefactions. Everything, as it appears to us, should be avoided which breaks down the sense of independence and self-respect of recipients. Obviously there is great scope for liberal benefactions, by bequest or otherwise, in promoting schools of science and art, as well as in such less technical but still important branches of education for both sexes as are not likely to be reached by ordinary appliances; also in aiding public hospitals for the sick and hurt. One of the most remarkable and gratifying demonstrations of good feeling within the past few years has been the large subscriptions and bequests for building churches, and restoring from a lamentable state of decay those ancient ecclesiastical structures which we associate with the glory of England. There is in all this a wide field for doing good, which is clearly beyond challenge.

The same thing and much more can be said of the prodigious and single-hearted efforts made to reclaim from barbaric paganism. The assaults on the savagery of Africa from all sides, along with courageous attempts to introduce Christianity, are among the marvels of the age. In this line of beneficence, merchant millionaires would be quite safe. Already, in the matter of African discovery, from Park to Livingstone, there has been a 'noble army of martyrs.' Long did the enterprise appear well-nigh hopeless. In recent events we at length see the dawn of a brighter day. Africa is in course of being opened up by different bodies of pioneers as assiduous in the cause of civilisation as any noted in history, and from the plans pursued likely to be peculiarly successful.

To come nearer home in connection with matters of social concern, there have, in attempts to do good, been some mistakes calculated to discourage intending benefactors. We are not without instances of public libraries and reading-rooms being completely thrown away on the persons for whom they were intended. Some few years ago, we took a hand in establishing what was loudly called for—baths for the working classes. The baths, after being got up on an approved principle, proved an entire failure. The people did not take advantage of them. In a city we could mention, certain Improvement Trustees spent ten thousand pounds in building houses for the poorer classes, who had been dispossessed by the removal of their dwellings. With the multitude, this was a popular act. Like the baths, it proved a miserable failure. The poor could not rent the houses, nor did they care about them, and the last thing we heard of the dwellings was that they were put up to sale. One would need to take care how he trenches on the principle of natural supply and demand. Further, it must be kept in mind that what will work well in one place may work badly in another. In other words, be sure of your man before you try to expend money in benefiting him. It is very painful to think that there are masses of people who like to live in dingy holes and corners no better than pig-sties, in preference to wholesome apartments with the light of day; but such being the case, we must act accordingly. The rooting out of what is offensive will usually be found to lead naturally enough to something better without any extraneous effort. In short, doing good on a large scale, apart from that species of commercial adventure which necessarily

develops into a lasting public benefit, is about the most difficult art that can be cultivated to any useful or satisfactory purpose. We commend the subject to professional teachers of ethics. W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—EVIL TIDINGS.

JENNY said nothing of the news she had got from Jeff, even to Kate. It was quite right of Jeff to tell her: she would have resented it, had he not done so; but it was also right in her not to tell her sister. That one of the family should know it—and be miserable accordingly—was sufficient. What Kate would have said, had she known that Jenny, the weakest of them, was bearing this burden all alone, was another matter. There had been a time when Kate had been Jeff's confidante, and not Jenny; but of late he had changed in this respect. His letters were full of Kate, as Jenny noticed with many a quiet smile, but they were not addressed to her.

'He is quite wise,' reflected the recipient of these missives, 'or that man might be tempted to open them.'

This invalid young lady was certainly rather strong in her likes and dislikes. She thought Uncle George 'an old dear,' and the doctor 'perfection'; but she had no hesitation in pronouncing (to herself of course) Mrs Campden as 'base'; Mary, as 'weak' and 'undependable'; and Mr Holt as 'a horror.' She would never forgive his having aspired to her sister's hand, or Mrs Campden for 'egging him on' to do it (as she guessed), under pretence, too, of its being for the benefit of the family, and especially of herself. She even suspected Holt of being the cause of her father's ruin.

A fortnight had passed by since she had been told that there was 'no cause for anxiety as yet'; and she could see that her mother was growing very anxious. In default of letters, Mrs Dalton read the newspaper every morning with avidity—that is, the two half-columns of it which referred to 'Shipping Intelligence' and 'the Mails.' This paper, which arrived at Riverside in the afternoon, was forwarded to them by post next day, with commendable regularity.

'It is so kind of Julia,' said Mrs Dalton, speaking of this to the doctor, 'and so thoughtful.'

'Yes,' added Jenny drily, 'and so troublesome. Marks [the butler] directs it himself, and puts it in the bag.'

One morning, the *Morning Chronicle* came instead of the *Times*, which the girls could see had quite a depressing effect upon their mother. The reports about the shipping, she complained, were not so full.

'Never mind, mamma,' said Kitty: 'Tony shall go over the hill after dinner, and fetch the *Times*, and take a line from Jenny to Marks to tell him to be more careful in future: the old fellow is devoted to her interests.'

But before Tony's lessons were over, Mr Campden himself arrived on horseback; he had come once or twice before, but always hitherto with his wife or daughter.

'This is a great compliment, Mr Campden,' said Mrs Dalton gratefully, 'that you should come riding over in this way, when we know you hate riding.'

'I hope I should ride much farther than this, or walk either, my dear, to oblige you,' was the reply, given with unusual earnestness. He had never called her 'my dear' before.

'I always thought you were a duck, Uncle George,' said Kate.

'I always said you were,' said Jenny; 'I had the courage of my opinion.'

'What is it you want of me, girls?' inquired Mr Campden, but his voice was mechanical, and unaccompanied by the usual sly smile.

'Well, I want the *Times* newspaper,' said Mrs Dalton. 'I frankly tell you, Uncle George, I hoped you were come to repair a mistake that was made this morning: the *Morning Chronicle* was sent instead.'

'Dear me!' said Mr Campden: 'how stupid of them. The fact is, we have such a lot of papers, and they get laid about so. But it shall not happen again.'

'There was nothing in the *Times* about—about Brazil or the Rio mail, Uncle George, was there?' inquired Mrs Dalton.

'Nothing, nothing, my dear,' answered Mr Campden, turning very red. 'I'm going up to the mere, to see about some damage that has happened to the keeper's cottage from the wind.'

'Ay,' said Mrs Dalton with a shudder, 'what winds there have been lately!'

'They have been partial, however—very partial,' continued Mr Campden; 'nothing seems to have suffered in the south.—What do you say to a little walk to the lake-side, Kate? If you will be my companion, I will put up the mare here, and go on foot.'

To this Kate gladly agreed; and Tony looked up eagerly from his book with: 'May I come too, Uncle George?'

'Well, no, my boy,' returned Mr Campden gravely: 'it would be an interruption to your lessons; and just now it is expedient that you should buckle to.'

A faint flush came into Mrs Dalton's face; it was the first time that Mr Campden had alluded—even thus indirectly—to the changed circumstances of the family.

'That is quite right,' said she quietly. 'But you can go down for a minute, Tony, and see that Uncle George's horse is put in the stable, and some corn given to it.'

'Oh, never mind the corn,' said Mr Campden hastily; and then he got so red again, that Jenny became red too, from sheer sympathy with his embarrassment. Fortunately, at that moment, Kitty, who had left the room, re-entered it, equipped for her walk, giving the squire an opportunity of complimenting her upon the rapidity of her toilet, and after a few commonplaces, they took their departure.

Over the bridge and past the churchyard, they walked in silence, or only returned the greetings of the villagers; but as soon as they got clear of the hamlet, Mr Campden addressed his companion with an unaccustomed tenderness and gravity.

'Kitty, my dear, you are a brave girl, I know; but I have got something to tell you that will try your courage.'

'Not about papa, Uncle George?' cried she with sudden vehemence. 'Oh, don't say there is bad news about papa!'

'Well, my darling, it may not be bad news

at all; there may be really nothing in it; but it does concern your father.'

She did not answer, but he felt the arm within his own grow very heavy.

'That is right, dear; lean on me: whatever happens, lean on me,' said Uncle George encouragingly. 'You see, although there may have been many causes to retard the ship in which your father sailed, the prevalent wind has been against it, for one thing, and the wind makes a difference even to a steamer. It is without doubt overtime. That circumstance gives us anxiety, of course, and causes us to feel alarm, where perhaps there is no reason for alarm.'

'Yes, yes. But what has happened, Uncle George? I am sure something has happened.'

'No, no; we are not sure of that, thank goodness. We can still hope for the best. But a vessel has come into Liverpool that has fallen in with a lot of wreck—not of the ship, not of the *ship*, Kitty. Here; sit down on the hill-side.—Good gracious, she will catch her death of cold,' cried Mr Campden helplessly. ('What the deuce shall I do with her?') added the squire privately, who was one of the clumsiest, as well as the most amiable of men.)

'Never mind *me*—I am better now,' said Kitty slowly. 'You said it was not the wreck of the ship?'

'Nor was it, my dear girl. It was only a bit of a boat belonging to the ship; the cutter, I think, they call it. You have seen how boats are swung upon deck, and how easy it must be for a big wave to sweep them off into the sea. That is what has probably happened in this case. The ship has lost a boat or two—that's all.'

'But how did they know the cutter belonged to papa's ship?'

'Because it had *Flamborough Head* painted on the stern. There may be nothing in it; but that's why we didn't send the paper that had the paragraph in it on to the Nook.'

'How good and thoughtful you are for us, Uncle George!' said Kitty, who had risen to her feet, and was now walking slowly on.

'Well, we must not put that item down to our own credit, Kitty. We might have taken the precaution or not. Perhaps we should have done so, had the paragraph caught our eyes; but it might have escaped them. I am bound to say I think it was very considerate in Mr Holt to telegraph and draw our attention to it. "Send on the *Chronicle* to Sanbeck," he wired; "the bad news is not in that." He is a sharp fellow, there is no doubt; and I begin to think he is a kind fellow.'

'It was very kind of him to telegraph,' answered Kitty in a low tone.

'Yes. Not one man in a thousand, as my wife says, would have thought of such a thing; and it shews the very strong interest he takes in you all. I don't think your father gave him quite credit for a good heart.'

Kitty did not reply to this; and they walked on in silence for a while.

'I think, my dear, you are beginning to tire,' said Mr Campden presently; 'it is ill walking upon bad news.'

'But we are not at the mere yet, Uncle George.'

'Oh, never mind the mere,' answered the other, turning about towards home; 'that was only my

excuse for getting a walk with you alone. I thought it right that one member of your family at least should know what had happened.'

'And when shall we know more, Uncle George?'

'That is impossible to say, my dear. I hope the next Brazil mail may bring good tidings. Otherwise—otherwise, there will, no doubt, be grave cause for anxiety. You must try and hide your feelings from your mother, Kitty dear.'

'O yes, Uncle George; nobody shall see that I have her—her—heard anything;' and she made a strenuous effort—which almost succeeded—to stifle a sob.

'Yes, yes; you are a brave girl, and a clever one too. Now, as for me, I can never hide anything from Julia—I wish to heaven I could, sometimes! And just now, in your dear mother's presence, I felt like—I don't know what—a disconcerted pick-pocket. It was the worst job I have had to do for many a day. She seemed to look through and through me, poor dear; as much as to say: "How can you deceive me, and keep things back like this, Uncle George?" I can't see her again, Kitty; I dare not. But if there is good news to bring, I'll bring it to her, at the best pace the mare can go. You must make some excuse for me to your mother: say my wife insisted on my being back to lunch—then she will understand I had to go.'

Poor Uncle George: his distress and embarrassment were so extreme that he was ready to part with this last rag of independence, even before society, with whom he had hitherto kept up some fiction of his being responsible for his own actions.

Kitty let him go, of course; and as he got on his horse at the old 'mounting-stone' in the Nook yard (within view of them all, as she knew), shook hands with him gaily, and waved her handkerchief as he rode out under the archway. Then, putting on as cheerful a face as she could assume, she entered the house. On the narrow and ill-lit stairs, stood Jenny with her finger on her lips, as pale as a ghost. 'Come into my room,' she whispered: 'mamma is tired, and has fallen asleep on the sofa; and Tony is at his sums.'

Kitty followed her, alarmed for her secret; her sister's eyes seemed to pierce her.

Jenny's room was a pleasant one in its way, though like others at the farm-house, low and dark. Books were on the table, the floor, the chairs, and even the little bed; her old desk was heaped with them; reading and writing had elbowed out the lacemaking, which, however, she still pursued in the parlour. 'What news, Kitty? I am sure there is bad news,' were her first words as she closed the door.

'No—nothing,' faltered Kitty.

'Don't deceive me, Kate; I mean, don't try at it. Do you suppose I am blind? Uncle George did not come here for nothing. Who ever saw him like that before, so nervous and ill at ease. Was it like him to tell Tony to remain within doors? Of course he had something private to tell you; some misfortune—something about papa.'

Kitty burst into tears. 'Yes, Jenny, he had.' Then, as well as she could, she told her. She had wept but little before Mr Campden; sympathy of the passionate sort was wanting between them, and she had a reputation for courage to keep up; but now she broke down utterly.

'Hush!' said Jenny warningly; 'mamma will hear you.' Her voice was firm, her eyes were

tearless. Kitty thought she must have some hope.

'You think with Uncle George, dear, that the boat must have been washed overboard,' said she eagerly—'that nothing has happened to the ship itself!'

'No, I don't,' was the cold reply.

'But you don't think the steamer has gone down, Jenny?' continued her sister pleadingly; 'things will not surely be so bad as that.'

'My thinking will not alter them, Kitty. They have been bad enough hitherto. One thing I confess I am surprised at, that Mr Campden should have had the forethought to keep back the *Times*; that was a piece of prudence beyond Uncle George, and an act of tenderness (as I should have thought) beyond his wife.'

'It was Mr Holt's doing, Jenny,' said Kitty. 'He telegraphed to Riverside, to put them on their guard about the paragraph.'

'O indeed; that explains the matter.'

'It was very thoughtful of Mr Holt—was it not, Jenny?'

'Certainly. But no one ever accused him of want of forethought. He is a man who lays his plans very far ahead, I reckon.'

'Jenny, darling, what makes you so hard? Surely, at a time like this?'

'Hard? I am not hard,' broke in the other. 'It is you, Kitty, who are too soft. Do you suppose that this man cares one farthing about dear papa or mamma, or even about *you*, except so far as you concern himself? Do you suppose he took Jeff because he liked him, or out of charity, or from any good motive of any kind? No. He did it because he hoped to melt your heart towards himself; in hopes that you would say: "How thoughtful and kind Mr Holt is!" Just what you *have* said, in fact.'

'O Jenny, how can you talk of Mr Holt now, with such sad news knelling in our ears!'

'That is the very thing that makes me so bitter against him. At the first tidings of danger to dear papa, this man puts himself forward, presses himself upon your attention. He knows Mrs Campden is backing him.'

'And yet, if he had not telegraphed, Jenny; and the *Times* had come, and mamma had read the paragraph?'

'True; it would have killed her.—Pardon me, Kitty,' said Jenny, throwing her arms about her sister's neck; 'I have been unjust and harsh. One has no right to disbelieve in good, for that means in God. Perhaps it is all for the best, but we have been greatly tried of late; and we are feeble folk—like the conies—a few women and a child. It has seemed hard to me, that's all: I have known about papa for weeks; that is, that the ship has been spoken of at Lloyd's as overdue. Jeff wrote to say so.'

'O Jenny, how could you keep such a dreadful secret to yourself?'

'Because it was needful, Kitty, as it is needful now to keep this one. I believe that mamma suspects something even now. She was no more deceived by Uncle George than I was.'

'But, Jenny, if she asks me?'

'She will ask nothing. She will be as dumb as an Indian at the stake. She will know that we have good reasons for being silent; and that will be enough for her. She is a saint and a martyr;

and yet not a martyr for any purpose. I mean, "unmerciful disaster" pursues her "fast and ever faster," without any reason, except it be to shew the futility of being good.'

'O Jenny, don't say that. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.'

'I think I have heard that remark before. For my part, Kitty, I derive no comfort from such commonplaces. You will presently tell me that we may be even worse off than we are. Mamma may die, for example, as well as papa be drowned. Then you will say, like the Job's comforters of whom the poet speaks, that

Death is common to the race.

His reply was, if you remember :

And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

I confess that I agree with him.'

'O Jenny, do not be so bitter. I am sure, I am quite sure, that if dear mamma knew it, it would distress her almost as much as this sad news to-day.'

'You are quite right, Kitty; that is, because she is an angel. Yet only think what she has suffered! Is Fate a coward, think you, that it should thus heap blow on blow on one like her, so helpless and so innocent; or how is it?'

'The riddle of the painful earth' was growing too much for this poor girl, as it does grow once or twice in a lifetime for most of us; and for some, alas! all their hard lives through. Her thin hand was clenched, her frail frame trembled, her large soft eyes flashed defiance—at the Universal Law. There was one thing excusable about this poor impotent mutineer—that she was not in rebellion on her own account. No one had ever heard her, cripple and invalid though she was, utter one impatient word with respect to her own condition. These bitter reproaches against Fate—the *sæva indignatio* that Swift felt upon his own account, and would have had sculptured on his tombstone—were all for her mother's sake; she reviled the Inevitable, as the hen flutters her feathers in the face of the cruel fox because her young—not herself—are menaced.

Mrs Campden used to say of Jenny that she had an undisciplined mind: one of those severe but sagacious remarks that even the shallowest people will bring forth sometimes, who are always talking, and always with the view of making themselves more or less disagreeable.

Kate herself, as we heard upon the occasion of our first introduction to her, was by no means one who had accepted life without question, or concluded it easy-going for everybody, because the way had been always, until recently, made smooth for her; but Jenny's revolt was so decided, that it shocked her into propriety of opinion, as a respectable Whig, finding himself in Radical company, will shake his head, turn short round, and retrace his steps. In argument, she knew her sister was too strong for her, so she wisely avoided it.

'My dear Jenny, all these things are too difficult for me,' said she frankly. 'Of course, I am well aware that dear mamma does not deserve to suffer; for if she does, who on earth would escape suffering, as certainly some folks do? Perhaps she suffers—as she does everything else—for the sake of other people: of you and me, for instance. In the end,

she will be among the blessed for ever, but in the meantime she is martyred for our sake; being a lesson to us of obedience and submission to the will of God such as we should never learn elsewhere. One may say, if this be so, it must be cruel to wish her to remain with us; and yet we are both so selfish, that we cannot bear to think of parting with so sweet a teacher.'

'That is true, at all events,' said Jenny softly. 'I will go to her now, lest our absence should excite her suspicions. I shall say that I have seen you, and that Uncle George is gone. Kiss me, Kitty.'

The two sisters embraced tenderly; they had never had the quarrels that sisters do; thanks, perhaps, to Jenny's condition.

If Fate was resolute to be hard upon them, it would at least find them united.

MISTAKEN IDEAS OF INDIA.

THE writer of this is what is known as an 'Old Indian,' and like many others of his class, has a very tender regard for the country in which many of the best years of his life were spent. He cannot forget the happy friendships he formed there, the social enjoyments in which he participated, the exciting pleasures of the chase, and other sports in which he indulged, and last, but not least, the many kindnesses he experienced at the hands of the natives. It will not be wondered at, then, that he is often very much amused, and occasionally somewhat put out, while listening to the discussions which arise in social gatherings, particularly among the ladies, regarding his old country.

Lamentable to say, he often hears it spoken of as a dreadful region, in which at every turn, by day as well as by night, both indoors and out, in the quiet security of the cantonment, as well as in the densely wooded forest, one is constantly exposed to some covert danger, which nought but constant vigilance and precaution can guard him against. The writer has often endeavoured to disabuse the minds of people who entertain erroneous notions of a country which he holds dear. He has mildly expostulated, and tried to convince them that some wag had been amusing himself at their expense by playing upon their credulity; but to no purpose. Meanwhile, he is determined to make an effort to place on record a reply, not only to the present generation of detractors, but one that may serve for others who may feel inclined, in the future, to perpetuate the calumny.

In undertaking this onerous task, he feels that his only chance of success lies in giving authentic instances, which will serve as proofs that the charges brought against the country, in which he was for many years an exile, are of a doubtful character; and to begin, he will give an instance of devotion, involving self-sacrifice on the part of an Indian attendant, which equals if it does not surpass many cases of the kind on record.

The attendant whose devotion he would record was called Vittu. He was a man of caste, and had been in the writer's service for fifteen years. He was attacked with cholera early one morning, and died during the afternoon of the same day. The writer became aware of his illness at about 10 A.M., and from that time, in the absence of a doctor, did

all in his power to save his old and tried servant; but in vain. The fell disease progressed with rapid strides, and finished its work in spite of every effort to arrest it. When Vittu was gone, the writer asked his butler how it was that he had not been made sooner acquainted with the poor fellow's illness. Mark the reply. 'Vittu warned us particularly not to say anything to you about his being attacked, till you had breakfasted, for fear that you would get alarmed and not eat anything.' The writer had gone out early in the morning, but returned home about 8.30 A.M., and thus fully an hour and a half was lost before any remedies were resorted to. And why? Because the stricken man would not have his master upset, so as not to be able to eat his breakfast. Vittu was aware of the risk he was running, for he had been a witness of many deaths from cholera; but he also knew that his master dreaded the dire scourge; and he would rather sacrifice himself than alarm him at an untimely hour. Instances of the devotion of native servants might be multiplied; but let this suffice. The writer would merely add, let us hear no more of the treacherous Indians. Treat the natives of India kindly, and they will be found equal to any race in gratitude and fidelity.

The allusion to cholera leads to a consideration of the climate of India. The worst that can be said against it is, that it does not in all cases agree with the constitution of Englishmen. But to condemn it for this reason, would be to say that because the English climate does not suit the natives of India, it also is a bad one. But the question to be settled is, whether or not the climate of India is as bad as it is made out to be. Many people judge of it from the numbers of our countrymen who return from India with shattered constitutions; but if the history of each of these broken-down men with enlarged livers were known, it would be found that it was not so much the climate of India, as imprudent habits, which had undermined their health, and reduced them to the infirm state in which they have returned home. Ruined health is chiefly due to a too free indulgence in intoxicating beverages, and heedless exposure to the rays of the sun; and if to these be added late hours and a recklessness as to the mode of living most suitable to India, we should find little left for the climate to account for. Though undoubtedly there are cases of home-sickness such as that of the artisan whose daily life we lately described in these pages, still there are few men who have led temperate lives, and have been careful as to exposure to the sun, who return home the worse for the climate of India; many indeed who, on retiring from the public service or from business in India, elect to spend the remainder of their days there, in preference to returning to England. Why is this? Because they see that numbers of their countrymen, who have made the same choice before them, have lived to a great age in India, and they would much rather not expose themselves to the chance of being attacked by a host of diseases peculiar to England, from which they have nothing to fear in that country. The writer himself resided for thirty-five years in India, and lived under canvas for fully half the time, exposed to every vicissitude of weather; notwithstanding, he has a very vague idea of dyspepsia, and is not at all aware that he possesses a liver.

He will now pass on, and say something of the dreadful animals which are supposed to endanger life in India. The native idea is, that all wild animals have a wholesome dread of man inherent in them; and that even the tiger will not molest a human being, unless he is at first attacked himself. The writer is inclined to attach much importance to this assumption, based as it is on the personal experience of the natives. They tell you that wild animals slink out of their way when met in the jungles; and the following incident, which may be fully relied on, shews that even the tiger is chary of gratifying his voracious propensity at the expense of a human being.

Nearly half a century ago, a Captain J— of the Bombay Engineers was travelling along the western mountain range, then covered with dense forests, and infested with tigers, leopards, bears, and other wild animals. He had retired to rest one night, and was all but asleep, when hearing a rustling in his tent, he stretched out his arm, to get hold of a cane he knew stood against the tent-wall close by. In doing so, his hand struck against a tiger, which had somehow found its way into the tent. On being touched, the animal uttered a deep growl; and J—, fairly aroused, became aware of the nature of his unwelcome visitor. He was seriously alarmed, but wisely remained perfectly still; and the brute after a little time quietly left the tent, and was seen walking leisurely away, by men who were posted in the vicinity to keep watch during the night. They commenced shouting at the animal, which merely quickened its pace at the noise, and disappeared in the jungle close by. Here was a chance for the tiger; but if the truth were known, it would very likely be seen that it was as much terrified as J—, and lay crouching in the dark until it thought it could escape with safety.

Another idea the natives have regarding the nature of the tiger is, that once the animal has tasted human blood, it will, in preference to devouring cattle, seize any man it can get hold of. The idea is beside the question at issue; but as the following remarkable incident, illustrative of it, which fell under the writer's notice, may prove interesting to the reader, he ventures to narrate it. It happened just after the Mutiny of 1857, when the people had been disarmed, and were unable to defend their cattle from wild beasts. How the tiger to which the story relates had acquired a taste for human blood, was never cleared up; but so great was his partiality for it, that he would rush among a herd of cattle and carry off the keeper, leaving the cattle unmolested. Such was the daring of the brute, that one night he entered a hut, in the outskirts of a village, which was occupied by a man, his wife, and child. He first seized the child, and was carrying it off, when the mother rushed after him with a hatchet; the tiger dropped the child, and seized the woman, whom, in turn, he also dropped on seeing the man pursuing him. The woman was too much injured to continue pursuit, but succeeded by her screams in arousing some of the villagers. When they came to her aid, pursuit was useless, for the brute had got clear away. The remains of the man were found next day; the woman died a few days afterwards; but the child, which was not very much injured, survived. The tiger was killed a short time subsequently, by a native

Shikari (hunter), who had obtained a license to keep firearms. It is believed that the consequence of eating human flesh, to the tiger, is an attack of mange; and there appears some truth in the notion, for this animal was covered with mange, particularly its tail, which was one mass of scabs and without a hair.

Whether or not tigers and other such wild animals, under ordinary circumstances, will not, except in self-defence, attack men, there is no doubt that the snakes of India will not do so. The writer has seen great numbers of them in his time, but he never heard of one attacking a man. In short, they invariably rush off at his approach; and so long as he avoids treading on, or otherwise hurting them, he is quite safe. Their principal food consists of frogs, rats, and mice; and if they enter a house, it is rather in search of these animals than to injure the inmates. The following instance will shew how little danger is to be apprehended from snakes.

Some twenty years ago, a Mr F— was travelling during the rainy season, and arrived rather late at a staging, or travellers' bungalow, where he intended to remain for the night. He found, on his arrival, that every room was already occupied by travellers; and he was obliged, therefore, to remain in the veranda for the night. After partaking of some refreshment, he spread a small carpet on the floor, converted his saddle into a pillow, and lying down, soon fell off to sleep. It rained all night, and towards morning he was aroused by a cold wind which had set in. He lay awake for a time, moving from side to side, and suddenly felt something move under the carpet near his head. As it was still dark, he groped to see what it might be, and to his horror, discovered from its smooth scaly skin, that it was a snake. He jumped up and procured a light, just in time to see the snake rush out of the veranda. It had come to seek shelter from the pouring rain and cold, and was glad, no doubt, of the opportunity of warming itself under Mr F—'s carpet. It certainly had no idea of molesting him.

The animals which remain to be spoken of, from which it is just possible that some danger may be apprehended, are, the bear, the bison, the elephant, and the wolf; but the chances of danger from these are so remote, that the mere mention of their names seems all that is necessary. The carnivorous wolf would, of course, be glad of a bite of human flesh; but he is too great a coward to attempt to attack a man; and even when he is himself attacked, as long as there is any way of escape, he will rather run away than shew fight. As to the rest, if the right of way in the forest is disputed, bruin may give one an ugly hug; bright colours may provoke a charge from a bison; and an elephant may revenge himself on one man for the insult offered by another; but if these animals are not molested, they will not go out of their way to take upon themselves the offensive.

Having dismissed those dreadful denizens of the forest, from which, under certain circumstances, the life of man is endangered, a few words may be said of those smaller animals, of an objectionable nature, which either live in the neighbourhood of man or share his dwelling.

Among these may be mentioned the scorpion, the mosquito, the frog, and the house-lizard. The scorpion is the only one from which any great

inconvenience may be apprehended. Its sting, particularly in the case of a black scorpion, causes much pain, accompanied with swelling, which sometimes continues for a day or two; but as the scorpion seldom enters the houses of Europeans, there is not much fear of their being stung by it. In short, the writer does not remember a single instance of a European suffering from the sting of a scorpion. He has, however, known several cases of natives being stung by this animal; but when it is considered that the thatched huts of the natives afford peculiar facilities for animals of this kind to secrete themselves, and that the poorer natives go about night and day without shoes, the wonder is that they are not oftener stung by scorpions.

The mosquito is very like unto, if not identical with the gnat of England, which is common in summer; and the reader will therefore have no difficulty in forming a correct idea of the nature of this much-dreaded insect. Mosquitoes are, it is true, much more numerous in India than gnats in England, and therefore the inconvenience arising from them is proportionally greater; but at the worst, inconvenience is all that need be apprehended from them—danger there is none. All the precautions the poorer natives use to guard themselves from the attack of the mosquito is, when lying down for the night, to envelop themselves from head to foot in either a coarse blanket or thin sheet, according to the season of the year. As a matter of course, this does not secure impunity from the enemy; but it shews what little importance the natives attach to the bite of the mosquito. A good rub and a grunt are the only indications the sleeping victim shews of the infliction he has undergone. Europeans who can afford them, have net or gauze curtains to their bedsteads, which effectually keep out these little tyrants, and all that has to be done to secure a quiet night's rest is, on getting under the curtains, to make certain that no stray member of the mosquito community has found a lodgment within them.

Frogs are perfectly harmless, and seldom intrude into houses, except for shelter during the hotter season of the year. They may then be seen in bath-rooms or such places, crouched under earthen pots or other vessels containing water. If it were not that they prove a strong temptation to snakes to come into the houses in search of them, there could be little objection to a frog or two taking shelter from the heat in those parts of the house visited but once or twice during the twenty-four hours.

The house-lizard, or fly-catcher as it is sometimes called, is not a nice animal to see about the house, and some ladies, from its look, have a perfect horror of it. However, it also is quite harmless, so far as the genus *homo* is concerned; and its preference for his dwelling to the open air, arises simply from the fact that it lives on flies and mosquitoes, and these are found in greater abundance within houses than anywhere else.

And now the writer trusts he has dispelled some of the idle fears with which India is connected in the minds of many who have not been there to judge for themselves, and whose confiding credulity has been practised upon, for the sake of amusement, by those who have. He does not object to a little fun in its proper place, but he certainly objects to a mosquito being turned into an ele-

phant, and a house-lizard into an embryo crocodile, particularly if the transformation is intended to cast a slur upon a country of which he is known as an indubitable champion.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER I.

If the county of — be the warmest, sunniest county in England—as its inhabitants pretend—it may be safely affirmed that there is no warmer, sunnier spot than Mordieu within its compass. The house of Mordieu is an old-fashioned red brick and tiled house, which has been added to here and there; here a substantial wing put on, there a bow-window thrown out. The front of it is covered with ivy and creepers, out of which the cheerful windows twinkle and blink in the sunshine; and from early spring to Christmas-tide almost, the hum of bees and twittering of song-birds never cease about its walls. Then it has a fine old-fashioned walled garden, where rich peaches, and luscious nectarines, and sunny apricots grow and ripen in their seasons. Add to this that it is infolded and sheltered by a group of noble trees, of varied, well-contrasted foliage; that you have a charming lawn, surrounded by gay flower-beds, and rose-trees running riot in profusion, backed with flowering shrubs, such as the nurserymen of Woking and Bagshot may envy, and you will admit that Mordieu has about it the elements of a pleasant tranquil retreat. But add another element. Let it be known that the house whose outward shell we have described is happy in the presence of fair and graceful womanhood, and the place assumes a brighter, warmer interest. Mordieu is very well in its way, but Lucy Dashmarton, who lives there, is far more worthy of our respectful admiration.

John Dashmarton, her father, is the owner of Mordieu and the farm of the same name; a tall, good-humoured, but passionate, prideful man, with healthy, ruddy cheeks, a fine aquiline nose, and a frank, impetuous bearing. He is not only the owner of Mordieu, but also the agent to the Chilprune estate, a position that gives him commanding influence in the neighbourhood; for far and wide, stretching for miles around, this great estate of the Chilprunes has swallowed up and digested all the minor properties that came within its folds. It is in the hands of trustees now, for the benefit of the little Lady Chilprune, a child some five years old; and these trustees appear upon the scene at rare and uncertain intervals, so that nobody in the neighbourhood knows much about them. John Dashmarton is the virtual ruler of the estate; and if you asked any of the smaller tenants who was their landlord, the reply would be, in nine cases out of ten, 'Mas'r John Dashmarton.'

John had long been a widower; and for several years—ever since she left school—his daughter Lucy had ruled over his house. She was now nearly two-and-twenty, with a dark winning, almost Irish face; a neat, well-developed figure, rather under than over the middle height; a pleasant, caressing manner for those whom she liked, and a good deal of dignity and promptitude for the rest of the world. Nature and the position she held had given her a good conceit of herself; indeed, she

could hardly have been John Dashmarton's daughter without a fair share of that quality; but it was tempered by an affectionate disposition and generous, kindly impulses.

There was a brother, Spiller, a year younger than his sister, who was now an undergraduate at Cambridge. In him the family trait, of a somewhat inordinate self-opinion, had developed in the kindly soil of the university, till it had almost choked and superseded any other qualities he might have originally possessed. With his budget of current slang, his wardrobe of the choicest Cambridge cut, his handsome expressionless face, his overweening assurance, and his measureless contempt for everything outside his own small clique, he was an object of wonder and aversion to the disinterested observer; but it must be admitted that he was popular enough with the ladies of his acquaintance, and was dearly loved by his sister Lucy.

It is a letter from her brother Spiller—and not a love-letter, as you might have guessed from the breathless attention she gives it, and the heightened colour that glows in her cheeks—that Lucy Dashmarton is reading at the breakfast-table in the parlour at Mordieu this fine October morning. She is alone, for her father breakfasted a couple of hours ago, and was away with his gun and dogs before Lucy came down. The parlour is warm and sunny, and the windows were wide open down to the lawn; a pleasant breeze steals in with the rustle and murmur of leaves and the hum of bees, and, it must be added, of wasps also, from the neighbouring grape-vine. Nothing in this world is perfect; and Lucy's appreciation of the balmy morning, of breakfast, for which she has an excellent appetite, and of her brother's letter, is somewhat marred by the occasional incursions of these little warlike and aggressive insects. They have begun to crawl now too, and thus to render themselves particularly dangerous to the petticoated sex. Lucy is not brave against physical dangers, and is a good deal worried in her mind about the wasps. Still, her brother's letter seems to be an important one, and claims her thoughtful consideration. One passage she reads over and over again.

'I have fancied,' wrote Spiller, 'from your mentioning Alfred Harvey's name several times in your last letter, and from what I observed in his manner when I was last at Mordieu, that he is not unlikely buoying himself up with the hope of making himself agreeable to you. Now, I hope you will at once and firmly stamp out any idea of the kind he may have conceived. Of course, I don't allude to the possibility of your thinking seriously of his attentions. I know very well that you have too much family pride, too much consideration for my interests, to dream of an alliance so compromising. Such a man I could not possibly introduce to any of my friends. He would be set down at once as a common cad. Now, Tresilian Whitwick—although I think you might look much higher—is still in every way unexceptionable.'

But Spiller seemed to have overshot the mark a little. 'A common cad,' she repeated to herself more than once. 'No; he is not that, Spiller. And considering how kind and hospitable he always is to you, it is not grateful of you to say so.' Spiller, had he been present, would have rejoined, that he had said nothing of the kind, that he had only set forth what opinion his friends would

have. But Lucy's common-sense would have at once ignored such a nice distinction.

'Well, he is gone now,' said Lucy, with a sigh—'gone away for six months, perhaps; and in that time what may happen? I daresay he will bring a wife home from America—the girls there are very fascinating, they say; and as Alfred has plenty of money, they are not likely to be so fastidious as Spiller would have me be.'

Alfred Harvey was one of the principal tenants on the Chilprune estate—the son of a wealthy shopkeeper in the chief town of the county. He was a farmer of the modern school, with plenty of capital, a farm well stocked, and furnished with all the latest mechanical appliances. A man with an ugly, good-tempered face, a great brown beard, and a manner somewhat brusque and rough. He had been a good deal at the Dashmartons' lately, for John liked his company, although he sneered at him sometimes behind his back. He had shewn his admiration for Lucy pretty plainly, and a very little encouragement from her would have brought him to declaration point. But that encouragement she would not give. She liked him well enough, but she had pictured to herself a very different type of man as the ideal husband; and then to marry him would be to a certain extent a decline in the social scale. The Whitwicks would not visit her, nor the Mainprizes, nor the Leystones, nor any of the good families of the neighbourhood with whom they were now on friendly terms.

And then, what was worse than all, Alfred had a very objectionable father and mother.

They had been on a visit at their son's house, not long ago, and Lucy half suspected, with the object of 'taking stock,' as Harvey *père* would have expressed it, of Lucy herself. Alfred had persuaded Lucy and her father to meet them at a picnic which he gave at an old castle near by; but the thing was a failure. John and Mr Harvey quarrelled desperately more than once; whilst Lucy and the mother had not an idea in common, and grew wofully tired of each other ere the day was out, Mrs Harvey being one of those plain-spoken women who seem to have an instinctive knowledge of everybody's tender corn, and to delight in trampling on it.

After that, the father and the mother both set their faces resolutely against any alliance with the Dashmartons. Mr Harvey had no doubt kept a tight hand over his son in the way of the capital he had advanced him, and what he said went for a long way. Still, if Alfred persevered, there was no doubt his father would give in at last; and somewhat fearing this, the elder proposed to his son to take a tour in America for three months or so after harvest, to see what they were doing over there in agriculture and implements—the father to pay all expenses. This might be the means, Mr Harvey hoped, of weaning his son's affections from the girl at Mordieu, by shewing him how many other pretty girls there were in the world, and that a man with his pockets well lined need not bate his countenance before any one.

Well, Alfred was gone; he had started for Liverpool the night before, and was to sail this very day. But the last house he had visited had been Mordieu, and the last adieu he had made had been to Lucy Dashmarton.

'I shall take no one's hand in mine after this, on this side of the water,' said Alfred, in parting,

giving her a long and tender clasp; 'and when I come back I hope it will be the first to greet me.' Alfred's eyes were all of a swim, and he might have blurted forth a declaration of his love, then and there, but at this moment John Dashmorton came out, and took him by the arm. 'Come along, Harvey,' he said; 'I have got a word or two to say to you about what we were talking of just now' (Alfred had been closeted with Dashmorton in his business-room for some time); 'give me a lift as far as Ashleyhurst.'

And then the dogcart had dashed away from the gate, and she had seen no more of him. Well, if the declaration that had trembled on his lips had been made, she would have refused him point-blank. She felt sure of that. And on the whole she was glad that he had not asked her. She had now three or four months to think about the matter, and test her feelings for Alfred, and of course she could not do that effectually without flirting a little with somebody else.

Breakfast was over and luncheon, and still John Dashmorton had not returned. Lucy was not surprised at this, although she wondered a little that her father had not sent home for refreshment, as he was not given to long fasting. But perhaps he had gone further afield than he originally intended, and had claimed hospitality at some farmhouse. He would bring home a good bag of game, no doubt, and it would come in handy at this present time, for Lucy meditated a little dinner-party. She could give a dinner-party now with a mind free from anxiety, lest Alfred should resent being left out, or the other guests should be offended at being asked to meet him. Lucy had donned a pretty afternoon costume, and now sat down in the drawing-room by the open window to make a list of the guests whom she would invite, and draw a rough sketch of the dinner she would give them. The bustle of an arrival, however, soon disturbed her; a carriage—the Whitwicks'—drove up to the door. Lucy ran to the pier-glass in a little trepidation, to see if her hair was all right, and ready to receive visitors; and then she snatched up her company bit of Berlin-wool work, and began to stitch artlessly and originally.

'My dear Lucy!' said Mrs Whitwick, a stout portly dame, who delighted in black velvet and sparkling beads of jet. 'Always busy, you indefatigable girl. Now, whom may this charming piece of work be meant for? A curate, according to the books. Well, here is a curate for you.—Tresilian, come forward.—I brought Tresilian; poor boy, he was so anxious to see you.—Now, Tresilian, would not a piece of work like this reconcile you to a curacy?'

Tresilian was a mild-looking but rather pompous young man, with his mother's somewhat massive face, but without the strong determined will that shone in hers. He was of Oxford, and had taken orders in compliance with his mother's wish; rather to keep him out of mischief, and under her maternal wing, than that she thought him peculiarly qualified for the profession.

'Yes,' went on Mrs Whitwick, as soon as Tresilian had greeted Lucy, and they were all settled; 'I think poor Tresilian has made up his mind to take a curacy. It is a great trial for us all, but we think it for the best, especially as we have met with such a charming opening. Of course a common curacy would not do for Tresilian.'

'Of course not,' said Lucy; 'I should have thought he would have taken a bishopric at once.'

'Come now, Miss Dashmorton,' cried Tresilian; 'don't chaff a fellow, now; ha, ha!'

Mrs Whitwick, seeing that her son was pleased, smiled too, condescendingly. 'You are so severe, Lucy; you really want some one to curb you,' she cried, shaking her finger in playful menace. 'But you know some of these curacies are so disagreeable. Upon one trying occasion, Tresilian had to lodge over a barber's shop; and really on Saturday nights the snipping, and shaving, and stamping of feet in and out—oh, it was dreadful!'

'But the pomatum was the worst,' said Tresilian.

'Yes. Fancy in the hot weather the smell of the pomatum and hair-oil. Poor fellow, he shall never be exposed to anything of the kind again. His pa is going to build him a church by-and-by; but in the meantime, a most fashionable neighbourhood, a charming house—the vicarage—the rector gives it up to him, being a man of large property, who lives at the manor. Plenty of room for his old mother, when she comes to see him—ah, and for a young wife too, Miss Dashmorton!'

'Perhaps not,' said Lucy sagely; 'it might not be big enough for them both.'

'Ah, of course, my dear Lucy, the mother would retire into the background then.—Tresilian, my dear, I must have one or two of these charming blue flowers I see at the end of the garden—with your permission, Lucy. Ah, do go and get me some; and, my dear boy, run round to the gate first, and see that Thomas is not teasing the horses: flick, flick, flick; he drives them almost mad when we are not looking after him.—And now, my dear,' said Mrs Whitwick, as soon as her son had left the room, 'now that we've got rid of Tresilian, I want to speak to you seriously. Poor boy, he has set his heart upon you. Candidly, I tell you I would rather he had waited; but I can deny him nothing. Now, Lucy, what are you going to say to him?'

'Why, when he comes and asks me himself, perhaps I may give him an answer.'

'But, my dear girl, consider; the poor boy's nerves are so delicate. I am sure that the shock of a refusal would unman him completely. Not that I think you would refuse him, dear, for just consider, an only son—all his pa's property and mine. You were laughing about a bishopric just now, Lucy; but I assure you there are many bishops who are worse off than Tresilian will be by-and-by.'

'Still, if I can't make up my mind to like him, Mrs Whitwick?'

'Well, Miss Dashmorton,' said Mrs Whitwick, 'I can only say that there is not a girl within twenty miles round who would not have jumped at such an offer; but if you don't know your own mind—Ah, what's that?'

'It sounded like a shot,' said Lucy, going to the window, through which Tresilian was just entering.

'Yes, it was a shot in the woods,' said Tresilian.

Shortly afterwards, the clock on the mantel-shelf struck the hour three, and the church clock boomed solemnly forth. At the same moment, a sharp rat-tat was heard at the door, a noisy double-knock, which had a certain business-like harshness about it.

'It was my father, I daresay, firing a parting shot at a rabbit; he is coming home now, I fancy.'

'And yet,' said Tresilian, 'it had a muffled heavy sound, like a gun fired close to the ground.'

'More visitors, it seems,' cried Mrs Whitwick, rising, as the servant entered with a card. 'We can't stop any longer, Lucy, no, not even to see John Dashmarton. We'll find our way across the lawn, dear; and think of what I've said, and try to make up your mind.' Mrs Whitwick kissed her fingers, seized her son by the arm, and led him out.

'Mr Elkins,' said Lucy, reading over the name on the visiting-card. 'I don't know him; but shew him in, Jane; he is one of papa's friends, I daresay.'

Mr Elkins was a short, precise-looking, elderly man, dressed in professional black, with a shrewd, pinched face, and bright, wide-open, unwinking eyes. He bowed very coldly to Miss Dashmarton. 'I have an appointment with Mr Dashmarton,' he said—'three o'clock prompt.'

'Papa will be here directly, I think. I heard his gun in the home-woods just now.'

'Oh, shooting, is he?' said Elkins, looking at his watch with a dissatisfied expression. 'My time is valuable, young lady; can you let your father know that I am waiting? Mr Elkins, the auditor of the Chilprune estate.'

'But Mr Partridge is the auditor, and my father did not expect him for another month.'

'Mr Partridge has resigned, and I am here in his place; and, as I said before, my time is valuable.'

'You are not so nice as Mr Partridge, anyhow,' said Lucy to herself; for Mr Partridge's visits had always been occasions of festivity at Mordieu. He usually gave plenty of notice of his coming; a dinner-party was generally arranged in his honour; and he was such a funny, courteous, pleasant little man, that his company was always appreciated. But this new man didn't seem at all pleasant, and Lucy did not think that she would even ask him to stay to dinner.

'Perhaps you can shew me the books, young lady,' said Elkins, after a moment's fretful impatience, 'and I can make a start?'

'O dear, no,' said Lucy; 'I would not touch any of papa's books on any account—he would be so angry.'

At this moment the drawing-room door was flung violently open, and two handsome spaniels, panting and open-mouthed, dashed into the room, and sprang joyously towards Lucy.

'O Chance, Dash! you naughty dogs, get out of the room directly.—But papa is home now, anyhow, Mr Elkins; here are the dogs.' Lucy ran to the door, and called out loudly: 'Papa, papa! call away these dogs of yours; they are making such a mess in the drawing-room.' But there was no reply; and Lucy, with an undefinable feeling of uneasiness, ran out to the gate, to see if her father was coming along the road. But instead of her father's well-known figure, she only saw the keeper hurrying towards the house, his face ashen pale. 'What's the matter, Giles? Is anything wrong?' cried Lucy, her heart giving a strange throb of foreboding.

'Master—master!' gasped the keeper—in the home-wood—shot dead—through the heart!'

There was a long argument among the twelve honest farmers and tradesmen who formed the coroner's jury over John Dashmarton's body, as to the verdict they should return. That no one was

concerned in his death but the man himself, was evident enough. His gun, still smoking, had been found at his side; whilst in the trigger-guard was twisted a flexible strip of ground-ash, that had no doubt been the means of discharging the weapon. Half the jury had come to the conclusion that the death was the result of an accident. John had been making his way through the wood; his gun had caught in this twig; he had turned round to disentangle it, and had received the contents in his chest. The other half pointed out the improbability of a man like Dashmarton, an old and careful sportsman, carrying his gun in such a reckless way. Some of these latter, too, remarked, that they had noticed John looking a bit worried lately; and altogether they thought that a verdict of temporary insanity would best discharge the obligations of their oath, without unnecessarily distressing the feelings of the dead man's relations. But the foreman, a well-to-do farmer, a great friend of poor John's, threw the weight of his influence on the other side. 'Why should we go and cast a slur upon the family?' he asked—'a family as has always lived respected among us. There was never any insanity about John—as clear-headed a man as ever lived, and what's more, one as paid his way, every halfpenny of it. Why, I happen to know that John went round the town the day before he died, and settled up every bill he had in the place. Does that look like temporary insanity?' This statement was corroborated by more than one of the shopkeepers who were on the jury, and led to a general revulsion of feeling. The more favourable verdict was returned—'Accidental Death.'

Even in the depth of her distress at the loss of so kind and loving a father, Lucy Dashmarton had a sense of vivid relief and comfort, when the result of the inquest was told her. An uneasy doubt had entered her mind; she strove to thrust it out, but it dwelt there, nevertheless. Could her father, in a moment of depression and causeless dread, have put an end to his own life? He had not been himself, of late, had sometimes fallen into fits of low despondency. His manner—to her more affectionate than ever—had often about it a tinge of sorrow and regret. When he had kissed her sometimes, she had seen his eyes dimmed with tears. At the time, she had set this down to nervous fancies about his health and prospects of life; but now she dreaded, and the news of the coroner's verdict came to her as an answer to her unjust suspicions, and relieved the dark shadow that had fallen upon her heart. Those who were best qualified to judge had put it on record, after a long investigation, that her father was guiltless of self-slaughter.

Spiller was on his way home; he had been telegraphed for, and was expected that evening; and Lucy put off her grief for a while, whilst she hurried here and there to see that everything was ready for his reception. Many other duties fell upon her; and the messages and condolences from all the county round were incessant—very gratifying, as shewing the respect in which Dashmarton had been held, but at the same time keeping the house in no little confusion.

Mr Elkins the auditor had not yet made his appearance again at Mordieu. He had attended the inquest as a casual spectator, and had smiled sardonically when the verdict was given. But Lucy

had a note from him in the course of the day. Mr Elkins was deeply sorry to intrude at such a moment, but his time was valuable. The books of the estate were the property of the estate, and must be given up to him, that he might perform his duties. He would call in the course of an hour, and trusted that Miss Dashmarton would give the necessary orders.

To this Lucy replied that her brother was the master of everything now, and that she could do nothing till his return. He was expected home that evening, and Mr Elkins could see him then.

Spiller came as expected—a good deal agitated and distressed at meeting his sister under such altered circumstances, but still with his natural self-importance cropping up through it all. He soon made it evident that he was the master now; and Lucy, too glad for the moment to be relieved of all responsibility, gave up everything into his hands.

When the first shock was over, Spiller reviewed his position with some little complacency. But yesterday he had on his mind the awkward fact that he owed two hundred and fifty pounds, and that ere long he would have to confess as much to his father, and beseech him to help him out of his difficulties. To-day, he was the owner, no doubt, of Mordieu—and that must be worth ten thousand pounds at least—so that, if he had been five times as much in debt, he need not worry himself about the matter. Then, as to the future, he could hardly perhaps hope to succeed to his father's post and the enjoyment of his full salary all at once; but still it was possible—a sort of hereditary right among the employes of a large estate being often acknowledged by those who owe so much to that principle. Altogether, Spiller looked hopefully to the future; and if, as he expected, his father had left a good round sum invested—the accumulations of his lifetime—to his sister Lucy, they might live together for a while very comfortably and easily, without troubling themselves about the Chilprune agency, if it did not fall in to him.

'Who is Elkins?' said Spiller to his sister, as that gentleman's card was brought in once more. 'And what does he want bothering at this time?'

'He is the new auditor,' said Lucy. 'He was to have met papa yesterday at three o'clock, to go through the books, and it was just at that hour—' Lucy was overpowered with the reminiscence, and hastily left the room.

'Perhaps,' said Spiller to himself, 'I had better keep in with these people if I mean to try for the agency.'

Mr Elkins was therefore admitted. He had brought with him the clerk who was employed by Dashmarton at certain periods to help him with the accounts.

'This young man knows where everything is kept, I believe,' said Elkins in explanation.

Spiller led the way to the business-room. The books of the Chilprune estate were kept in a fire-proof safe built into the wall; Spiller had his father's keys, and it was soon opened.

'There's only one book I want at present,' said Elkins quietly, 'and that is, the banker's pass-book.'

Dashmarton's funeral was attended by a large number of friends and by the tenantry of the Chilprune estate; but even at the ceremony itself sundry sinister rumours were whispered about. It was said that deceased was consider-

ably deficient in his accounts; that large defalcations had been discovered, that his estate was in fact insolvent. The purport of these rumours soon reached the Dashmartons in a very substantial, unpleasant form. Mr Elkins shewed conclusively a deficiency of ten thousand pounds in John Dashmarton's balances. The Mordieu property, it turned out, was mortgaged to its full value. The trustees of the Chilprune estate seized upon all that was left, and that was little beyond the furniture of Mordieu, the horses and carriages, and a cellar of choice wines. Nor was anything remaining for Spiller and his sister, except a few articles of furniture and some personal belongings, which they were allowed to carry away. So they were driven out from sunny Mordieu, and took lodgings for a time in the neighbouring town of Friddenden. Much sympathy was felt with the young people, and they received many offers of assistance. John Dashmarton had been wise in this; he had incurred no debts in the neighbourhood. He had, at all events, robbed no one but his employers, and even they did not feel it personally. Only the little being of the Chilprunes who was yet in the nursery would perhaps have a tiara of brilliants the less, or a *parure* of pearls, in the days to come. Thus all the world of Friddenden looked very favourably upon the Dashmartons, and did what they could to make them welcome; and as something must be done for daily bread, Lucy determined to set up a little school—a kind of preparatory school for young ladies.

SICK-NURSING, AN EMPLOYMENT FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

To many who are anxious to give their daughters a staff to lean on in life, an occupation which will render them self-dependent and useful, the necessary education for the medical profession is too expensive, independently of other and more serious difficulties. Latterly, many sources of employment have been secured to women; and within the last year, certain of the government offices have opened their portals to educated girls, capable of passing an examination by no means trivial, at the hands of the Civil Service Commissioners. With what success this step will be attended, it is early to prophesy. It has one great recommendation—namely, that the requirements are not such as to dismay any good pupil in a well-directed collegiate school, and can possess no terrors for those who have already passed the local examinations of the universities—a test which most parents who estimate real mental training for their daughters would desire them to submit to, whatever their prospects in future life may be.

The complete recognition of the large field of labour open to women as nurses, dates we think, from the time of the Crimean War, when Miss Nightingale and her band of assistants were of such incalculable service to the heroes of their country, when wounded, sick, and dying. Every one at that time felt that the dire necessities of war had developed a sphere for woman's work, the value of which could not be gainsayed; but it has taken years of effort, unassisted by the great pressure of the battle-field, to convince the directors of hospitals, boards of guardians, and district visitors, that to nurse wisely and well, and with benefit to the patient be he even a pauper, *intelligence* and

special training are necessary, and that without these qualifications a nurse (so called) is often a curse instead of a blessing. Gradually the state of feeling which made it possible for 'Mrs Gamp' to be more than a creation of fancy, is passing away, and all classes are beginning to see, that in sickness the choice of a nurse is perhaps more important even than the choice of a doctor; that oftentimes life and recovery are in her hands, when the doctor has done his best or his worst as it may be. Nor will any who have ever passed through the valley of severe illness fail to estimate at its true value the tender care of one not only well instructed in her art, but by reason of her previous surroundings and education, capable of entering into the minute refinements of feeling, be they for pleasure or pain, which severe suffering frequently develops in a patient. Well can we understand the feeling which was gratified and soothed, inadvertently enough, in the frame of a poor dying girl in a workhouse, when we gently stroked her thin wasted hand. She exclaimed: 'Oh, do that again! It is so long since I felt a soft gentle hand—never since I was a little child!' At that moment we knew that were it no other gift in a woman which fitted her specially to minister to the sick, her soft white hand is in itself an instrument of healing.

But the education necessary for an efficient sick-nurse is not of the sentimental or dilettante sort; she must in the first place have good and vigorous health, which supposes also good spirits, and we think she ought to have a sympathetic and kindly heart devoted to her calling. At present there are but few women who take the social rank of ladies, who have given themselves to this work; and there are perhaps some difficulties to encounter in their necessary training when they volunteer for the service. Notable amongst the women of the upper classes who give their lives to the nursing of the sick, and to training others to do so, is Miss Florence Lees, the friend and assistant of Miss Nightingale. She was the first student of the art of nursing who entered St Thomas's Hospital, London, under the Nightingale Fund as it is called; and since that time she has seen considerable service in the hospitals of the continent in the Franco-Prussian War, and is now superintendent of the Metropolitan Institution for providing trained nurses for the sick poor. In an address on 'Nursing the Sick,' recently given by Miss Lees before the National Health Society, she explained the working of this nursing Institution, and the great benefit derived from its operations wherever they extend. Unconnected with any particular religious creed or denomination, the object of the association is to provide nurses for the sick poor in their own dwellings. Unless in a hospital, but few of our poorer neighbours know the luxury of a nurse in illness. With the best intentions in the world, neither the ability nor the time of the relatives of the sick admits of the necessary care and attention. Medicine given just when remembered, and dirt and squalor rendered more terrible and overwhelming than usual, from the extra demand which sickness makes on the resources of every household—these conditions must be apparent to all who have ever visited the sick poor in their habitations. The district nurse changes all this. As far as possible, after she is called in, the sick-room assumes a

different aspect; cleanliness takes the place of dirt; the atmosphere of disease is purified and changed, and many are the recoveries which can be traced mainly to her beneficent influence. The want of especial nursing is felt perhaps more terribly by poor than by rich patients, so few of the former class know even how to apply the simplest remedies, to prepare a poultice or to apply a fomentation; and it is with the hope of remedying this great deficiency, that the system of district nursing is being encouraged largely in London, and has already been most successful in Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns.

The nurses at present employed in London as workers amongst the poor, are taken chiefly from the class that would otherwise become superior domestic servants. They are lodged and boarded in a district Home, of which it is contemplated to open three as soon as possible in different quarters of the metropolis. Two are already in full operation, containing six nurses each, who are lodged, fed, and superintended by a district lady manager. Every nurse is required to undergo one year's training in a hospital; and most of the large hospitals arrange to receive them. In the Nightingale training ward of St Thomas's Hospital, the probationary nurses obtain a thorough professional education. As soon as the nurse has passed her hospital year, she is placed in one of the Homes of the association, and commences her practical duties as district nurse amongst the poor of the neighbourhood, directed and assisted by the lady superintendent of her Home. The expenses of training are not great, and are within the means of all but the very poor. The hospital year costs the probationer thirty pounds for her maintenance during that time, payable in two instalments, fifteen pounds on entering, fifteen pounds at the expiration of six months. Immediately on being received into the Home, and commencing work amongst the poor, the nurse receives a salary, beginning at thirty-five pounds a year, and increasing three pounds a year till it reaches fifty pounds. As a rule, each nurse is provided in the Home with full board, washing expenses, a suitable and sufficient uniform dress, a separate furnished bedroom, and the use of a comfortable sitting-room. Every nurse is required to work eight hours a day in her district; and as a rule, unless in some cases of sickness, her duties cease after five o'clock in the afternoon. This is, of course, whilst occupied in district work, which is in a measure a training for more advanced positions and greater responsibilities.

Miss Lees tells us that nursing the sick is by no means a cheerless or depressing occupation; she thinks that no brighter or happier group of women-workers can be found than the nurses in her Home; and we can well imagine that the deep interest that must arise in the mind of every woman engaged in so good a work, must greatly elevate and purify the character of the nurse herself. Miss Lees is anxious to induce gentlewomen to join her staff of nurses, and to qualify themselves by the prescribed training, and by the experience gained in district nursing, for the entire charge of special cases amongst those who can afford to make skilled nursing a remunerative employment for women.

Miss Merryweather, who until lately had the charge of the district nurses at Liverpool, and is now lady superintendent of the Westminster

Hospital training-school for nurses, is most anxious to induce ladies to join her ranks. The difficulties existing in the way of the intimate association of different classes of women in the training Home—at present too small for all requirements—may, it is hoped, be removed by the erection of a suitable building, and the inauguration of a fund in memory of the late lamented Lady Augusta Stanley, than whom none more fully appreciated and encouraged the idea of trained and skilled sick-nurses. We can well understand how valuable an assistant the anxious surgeon or physician might secure in a well-trained, cultivated, and intelligent lady nurse. It is often highly desirable, for the sake of change of air, to send a patient to a distance from her medical attendant; but lest matters should go wrong, and for lack of some friend whose knowledge is equal to the necessity of the case, the change is pronounced to be impracticable. We will suppose that a lady equal in social standing with the doctor himself, possibly with the patient also, has been engaged at the early stage of the illness, has, with the doctor, watched the progress and symptoms of the disease, and has taken her place as nurse and companion to the patient. Her education and experience are such that the doctor can with confidence trust her to keep a watchful eye on his patient, to note every changing symptom, and to keep him informed daily—hourly if need be—of the minute details of the case on which his treatment is based. In the charge of such a nurse, the most anxious medical man might trust his patient to remain at a distance, feeling sure that the state of the pulse, temperature of the body, and every changing phase of disease, would be accurately communicated to him by letter or telegram, and so enable him to regulate his visits intelligently and according to necessity, and not by the caprice of an excited and nervous patient, or an ignorant and terrified nurse. Such skilled attendance would undoubtedly command liberal payment; and we can well imagine that many who now toil their lives away as governesses—vainly striving to teach that which they never knew, and to exercise a vocation for which they were never fitted—might have experienced a very different fate, and spent happy and useful years, had it not been for the fixed idea which until lately remained unchallenged, that educated and refined women who required to earn their living must of necessity be governesses or nothing.

It is right to say that recently the committee of the Nightingale Fund have afforded increased facilities for gentlewomen wishing to qualify themselves in the practice of hospital nursing, and a limited number of such probationers are, as we have already stated, now admitted to St Thomas's Hospital upon payment only of the cost of their maintenance during their year of training. These candidates are supposed to enter with a view of ultimately taking superior positions in public hospitals and infirmaries. These lady probationers—whose ages should not be less than from twenty-six to thirty-six years—receive instruction from the medical instructor and the hospital 'sisters' or chief nurses in the wards, and serve as assistant-nurses during their year of probation. The lady superintendent of the Nightingale Institution at St Thomas's Hospital is at all times accessible to written inquiry, and to personal visits on Tuesday

and Friday between ten and twelve o'clock. It is difficult to imagine an occupation for our daughters and sisters, more entirely in harmony with the character of a true woman, or more beneficent in its object than that of tending their afflicted fellow-creatures.

LEECHES.

THE great demand which suddenly sprung up for leeches for surgical purposes at the end of last century, caused their natural haunts in the swamps and marshes to be invaded by armies of collectors, who soon denuded them of their ordinary stock. The French seem particularly partial to leeches, and their use in that country has always been more general than elsewhere. As a consequence of the drain upon her supplies, she was the first to suffer from a diminished yield; and in time the famine spread to Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Germany, and even to Algeria and Syria, all of which countries were ransacked in the search for these bloodthirsty creatures. The scarcity and dearness of leeches at last attracted attention, and it was, we believe, about 1830 that the idea was conceived by a Frenchman that leeches might be kept in regular farms and bred, just like any other animal for which there is a steady market. The idea was soon carried into practice, and with such success, that leech-breeding has come to be regarded as a distinct industry of no little importance, and is carried on to a considerable extent in different parts of the continent.

The success of such an establishment depends, of course, on the choice of a suitable locality, and as the spots best adapted for this purpose are generally tracts of marshy ground, which are either useless for any other purpose, or—worse than useless—a nuisance, the selection of such areas and turning them to account in this way, is a double benefit. As an instance of the advantages attending the establishment of the industry in such places, setting aside the actual and immediate profits of the trade, we may quote a French writer, who, twenty years ago, gave his experience of such an undertaking. Natural swamps previously neglected are cultivated and placed under control, their miasmatic effects are neutralised, and employment is given to many poor people, who would otherwise find it hard to get a living. In the department of La Gironde alone, about ten thousand acres of land have been devoted to this purpose; its value has risen six or eight fold; men's wages have risen from 1s. to 2s. 6d. and 3s. a day; women and children also find remunerative occupation; shops have sprung up where none previously existed; and the condition of the peasantry generally has been vastly improved.

Let us examine one of these farms which have been the means of doing such an amount of good. We will pay a visit to one of the first of many which were established by M. Laurens—namely, that at Parempuyre, about nine miles from Bordeaux. Here an area of about four hundred acres near the Garonne, is devoted to this industry. The marsh is subdivided into compartments of five or six acres in extent, each of which can be inundated separately. It is surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide by five feet deep, outside which is a bank of earth which acts as an obstacle to the escape of the

leeches, and which also enables the watchmen to go round the property at night without being seen; for there are some thieves who cannot resist the temptation of stealing even leeches when the opportunity presents itself. Outside the bank, is a second ditch, connected with the inner one by occasional breaches in the intervening bank. Each compartment is intersected with drains, and can be flooded or laid dry at will by opening the hatches with which the ditches are provided. In the case of draining the water off, the lower hatches are replaced by perforated metal ones, through which the water, but not the leeches, can escape. Besides these breeding-grounds is a reservoir, similar to them in every respect, which is replenished at every opportunity with the larger leeches; so that, when the other beds are laid dry, there is always a stock on hand ready for the market. This reservoir is always kept covered with water to the depth of three to five inches, and holds from forty to fifty thousand leeches to the acre—a rate rather larger than that observed in the breeding-ponds, which are populated to the extent of thirty to forty thousand leeches per acre. During the cold season the leech remains quite underground; but the first rays of the spring sun bring him out, and then a troop of horses is made to enter the breeding-grounds, in the proportion of ten to the acre. The leeches attach themselves to the lower part of the legs of the animals, and then gorge themselves. The same troop of horses remain 'on service' for five or six hours, when they are recalled and tended, and sent back to their pastures, where they are allowed to rest and regain strength. After eight or ten days' rest, the horses are again despatched on duty; the hitherto unfed leeches, and those that have digested their last repast, come out again; and from about the 1st of March to the middle of June they are thus fed about eight or ten times each.

In June, the leeches all go underground, and the laying dry of the parks commences; the horses are kept out of them, the weeds and reeds are allowed to grow, and the soil becomes better knit together, as it were. In July and August the leeches come out to deposit their eggs in the tufts of herbage, and then the drains before mentioned are filled with water enough to keep the ground moist. The leeches having performed this duty, again burrow underground, and in a short time the young ones make their escape from the eggs.

The parks are now inundated, and at the end of August the fishing commences. The fishers, protected by high boots, enter the pond arranged in lines, and beat the water with sticks, to arouse the dormant leeches, which soon appear in great numbers, ready, after their long fast, for another feast. The large ones are carefully lifted out and placed in bags, with which each person is provided; and the line of fishers gradually advances till the whole bed is thoroughly beaten. It is then left to be subjected, three or four days afterwards, to another careful search, a sufficient stock being always reserved in the shape of the young and small leeches, and those that, not having digested their food, do not put in an appearance on the uncere- monious summons of the collectors.

The price of leeches in the market now is about four pounds per pound-weight—an average of five hundred individuals going to the pound. An

establishment such as that described above will produce several million leeches annually in a healthy condition. Serious losses are experienced in cold weather, and in consequence of injudicious handling of the annelides; but the profits are nevertheless considerable, as the cost of maintenance and collection is not very great.

The method of feeding these interesting flocks is, as we have said, by sending a number of horses into the ponds periodically, for unless leeches are provided with an ample commissariat, they will take themselves off in search of forage elsewhere. The horses used for this purpose do not suffer to anything like the extent that might be imagined. They are closely watched during the operation, and carefully tended afterwards. In many cases, horses which have been bought for a trifle have, under the care bestowed upon them, improved so wonderfully as to have been sold afterwards at a profit, so little does the system injure them. Old horses, whose lives have hitherto been a succession of hard knocks and fastings, and a perpetual round of fatiguing journeys, here find a relief from their burdens; death is deferred for months, and even years, and the latter period of their life is passed in a paradise, compared with the experience they have gone through.

Paris alone 'consumes' some twelve million leeches annually; and, prior to the establishment of the system of producing them in artificial reservoirs, the annual importation into France from abroad, exclusive of its own production, was nearly fifty millions. The enormous demand for these useful surgical attendants throughout the world may be estimated from the above figures.

A LULLABY.

Hush! hush! The night draws on;
The sun has long since set;
And the fast-closing flowers
With heavy dews are wet.

Shut close thine eyes;
Twilight is darkening the skies.

Hush! hush! All sounds are still;
The birds are gone to rest;
The mother-bird keeps warm
Her young within the nest.

Shut close thine eyes,
For the last songster homeward flies.

Hush! hush! The moonbeams fall
Upon the summer leas;
The night-wind murmurs soft
Among the dusky trees.

Shut close thine eyes,
For the last streak of daylight dies.

Hush! hush! The day is done.
Lie down, my child, and sleep;
The silver stars above
For thee a watch will keep.

Shut close thine eyes;
Sweet peace upon thy pillow lies.

Hush! hush! And happy dreams
All through the silent night.
Fear nothing; slumber on
Until the morning bright.

Shut close thine eyes,
For angels sing thy lullabies.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.